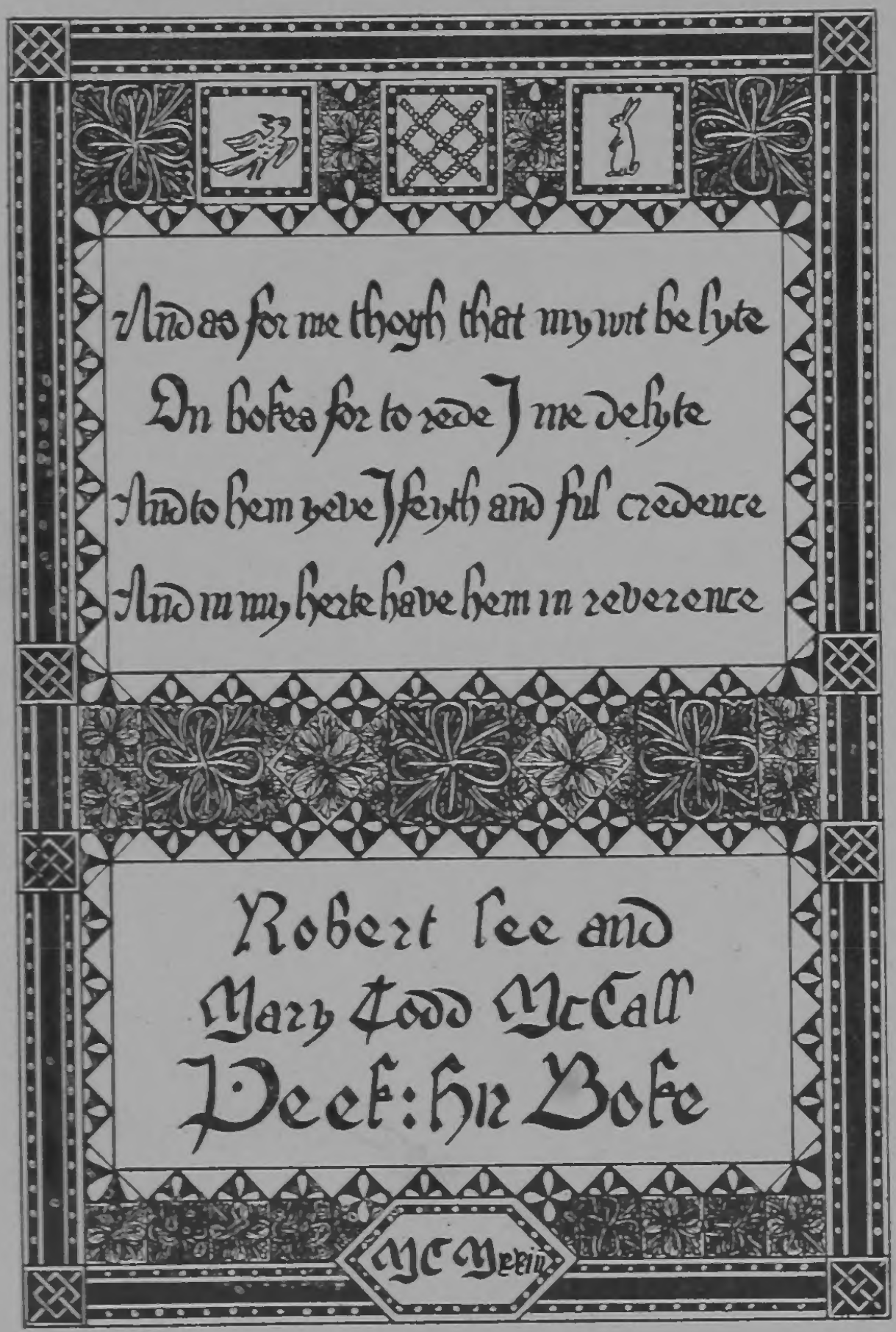

And as for me thogh that my wit be lyte
On bokes for to rede I me delyte
And to hem yeve I feith and ful credence
And in my herte have hem in reverence
Robert Lee and
Mary Todd McCall
Dede: Hn Boke
Ye Yeerin

Edward Russell

A

PEEP AT THE ESQUIMAUX;

OR,

Scenes on the Ice.

To which is annexed,

A POLAR PASTORAL.

WITH FORTY COLOURED PLATES,

From Original Designs.

BY A LADY

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

H. R. THOMAS,

JUVENILE REPOSITORY, 7, HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE;

WESTLEY AND TYRRELL,

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1825.

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INDEX TO PLATES.

*** *The Plates are described according to the Pages.*

	Page.
Icy Landscape—Seals on the Ice	2 & 3
Snow Hut—Musk-Ox Horn	4 & 5
Interior of Hut—Knife and Thimble	6 & 7
Kayak—Wooden Eye-shade	8 & 9
Walrus, or Sea-Horse—Spear-head	10 & 11
Dog—Whip	12 & 13
Polar Bear—Forked Spear	14 & 15
Rein-Deer—Marrow Spoon	16 & 17
Wolf—Summer Ermine	18 & 19
Snow Buntin—Bow Case	20 & 21
Tent—Bowl of Musk-Ox Horn	22 & 23
Esquimaux Male—Knife	24 & 25
Esquimaux Female—Basket	26 & 27
Implements and Weapons—Bone Eye-Shade	28 & 29
Oomiak, or Woman's Boat—Woman's Knife	30 & 31
Costume—Comb	32 & 33
Head Ornament—Child's Drum	34 & 35
Ivory Toys—Stone Cooking Pot	36 & 37
Manner of Tattooing—Ivory Needle-Case	38 & 39
Disposition	40

INDEX TO PLATES.

*** The Plates are described according to the Pages.

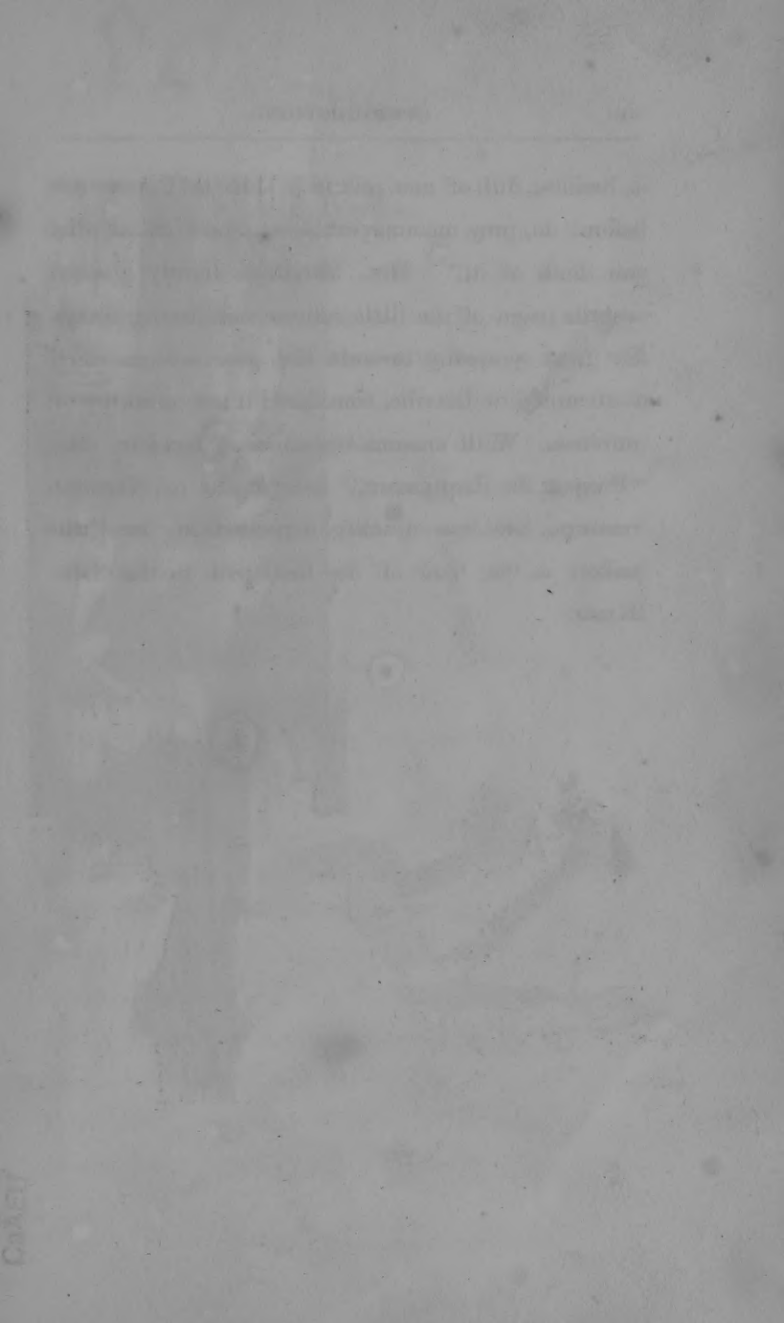
INTRODUCTION.

"COME, my dear children," said Mrs. Meadows, one day to her daughters Lucy and Harriet, "put on your bonnets, and prepare yourselves for a visit to the Soho Bazaar. The carriage is at the door, the weather is fine, and we will take advantage of it. I have long promised you this indulgence, on account of your good behaviour, and will allow you to purchase such trifles as you best like, for yourselves and your little sister Caroline. You will be astonished at the variety of pretty things, collected together at this nice place; and will admire, as every one must do, the neatness and regularity which appear throughout the different rooms; for there are several, above, as well as below stairs. It will be necessary to provide yourselves with little baskets, for carrying away your purchases, and I dare say you will make many, according to your different fancies. You, dear Lucy, who are so fond of dressing dolls, and who work so well at your needle, will be particularly

delighted at the new and pretty inventions in work-boxes, housewife cases, pin-cushions, and every thing else which can assist the ingenuity of a notable little girl; while my darling Harriet, who so much loves reading, will be equally pleased with the number of juvenile libraries, to be seen in all directions. There is, I think, the largest collection of story books, at No. 382, and Mrs. Frazer is famous for a choice assortment of those which are best suited to the improvement, as well as amusement, of young people. Your cousins Charlotte and Jane, on whom we are to call in our way, and who have often been at the Bazaar, will soon shew you Mrs. Frazer's counter." The happy party were in due time set down at the corner of Soho Square, and great was the wonder of the two novices at first entering the spacious rooms, and viewing the dazzling display around them. The prospect too, of soon becoming possessed of a part of these treasures, was sufficient in itself, to gladden the hearts, and lighten up the countenances of the youthful visitors. The attention of Lucy, a child of eight years old, was naturally drawn to that quarter, where the largest assortment of toys was to be seen, and which never fails to attract the pleased notice even of grown

children; while, on the other hand, the eyes of the book-loving Harriet, were roving about in search of the juvenile library, of which her mother had spoken. At length, after various stoppages and interruptions, they reached the counter of Mrs. Frazer, when the sisters, Charlotte and Jane, immediately enquired of her, "Whether any new story-books had been lately produced?" Mrs. Frazer readily handed to them a large collection, one of which soon caught their attention. Its title was new, and there were pictures in it, of ESQUIMAUX; those harmless natives of the Frozen Seas, about whom the children had heard so much from their parents, and whom they had been taught to consider with feelings of pity, as the most desolate of human beings; often famishing, as they had been told, with hunger; perishing with cold, and destitute of all the comforts and conveniences of life; yet cheerful, and contented with their hard lot; thereby affording a lesson to natives of a happier country, who, in the midst of abundance, are often miserable and discontented, even at the slightest privation. "What an odd title this book has got!" said Harriet; "A Peep at the Esquimaux:" "I really should like to have it, as I see it is written in poetry, which I like very much, and it

is, besides, full of new pictures, such as I never saw before: do, pray mamma, examine it, and tell me what you think of it." Mrs. Meadows slightly glanced over the pages of the little volume, and having always felt great sympathy towards the poor savages which it attempted to describe, considered it not unworthy of purchase. With mamma's permission, therefore, this, "Peep at the Esquimaux," became one of Harriet's treasures, and was quickly deposited in her little basket, as the fruit of her first visit to the Soho Bazaar.



A PEEP AT THE ESQUIMAUX.

CHARACTER.

In northern regions, cold and drear,
Where neither trees nor shrubs appear,
Nor aught but ice, and heaps of snow;
There roam, in tribes, the Esquimaux.
They wander far, without a home,
Nor e'er provide for days to come:
And when in want, they seek their meal,
From flesh of walrus, or of seal;
From heavy bear, or rich musk ox,
The hare, the marmot, or the fox.
But their chief joy is, to regale
On meat and blubber of the whale;
The dripping fat and blood to sip,
And in the mess their fingers dip.
While dainties, such as these, abound,
No happier set was ever found;
But when again they want supply,
Then, they another station try.





MODE OF LIFE.

For present shelter as they go,
The Natives build a hut of snow:
With clumsy knife they cut each square,
And raise the whole with nicest care;
The blocks upon an arch are laid,
A solid structure soon is made.
In shape of dome they form the roof,
And make the building weather-proof:
Windows of ice assist the sight,
And yield a soft, transparent light.
Within the hut, and near the door,
Snow seats are pil'd above the floor.
Here families together meet,
In social glee—to talk and eat.
At night each mound becomes a bed;
On this the bear-skin clothes are spread,
And pelts of deer, with fringes bound,
Like blankets, cover all around.





DIET AND COOKERY.

THE hut presents no tempting view,
When greasy hands prepare the stew;
When filthy objects form the treat,
And fish, and flesh, together meet;
When tainted seal, and salmon skin,
Add to the nauseous mess within.
But dirt and litter most prevail,
When wives prepare to cook the whale.
Rich stores of blubber then abound,
And ample shares are dealt around.
With longing looks, upon his seat
The Savage sits; his meal to eat:
Huge lumps of flesh, in haste he claws,
And stuffs at once into his jaws;
Or, wallowing in the filth and gore,
He seeks the offal from the floor;
To pick, from the revolting pile,
What want alone could reconcile.





THE KAYAK.

Amongst the treasures of this race,
The trim Kayak must find a place.
Of Esquimaux, it forms the pride,
When skimming o'er the waters wide.
Its texture is of seal-skin light,
With whalebone hoops, to make it tight.
The seat, one person only fits;
In this, the Savage firmly sits;
And though to such frail bark consign'd,
Fears neither fog, nor threat'ning wind;
But with broad paddle, seeks his way,
Nor knows a feeling of dismay.
'Midst floes of ice he bends his course,
In search of rein-deer, or sea-horse;
And should success attend his toil,
He hastens home to share the spoil:
The boat upon his head he bears,
And boist'rous shouts his joy declares.





DEATH OF THE WALRUS.

When, overcome, the Walrus dies,
The Savage for assistance cries:
Soon do the anxious, starving crew,
Flock to the shore, the meal to view.
It soon along the ice is tow'd,
The Natives gladly trail the load;
While, with their knives and lamps at hand,
The females in their dwellings stand,
All arms uprais'd to seize the prize,
When brought before their eager eyes.
The news soon spreads the tribe among;
Each friend is ask'd to join the throng,
And joyfully obeys the call—
Men, women, children, dogs, and all.
The cooking pots with flesh are ply'd,
Each hungry guest is satisfied.
On choicest bits. the husbands fare,
While wives and children wait their share.





THE DOG.

Of Esquimaux, the faithful friend,
The Dog, must all his steps attend.
Obedient, vigilant, and good,
Well does he earn his scanty food;
And e'en the Natives gladly spare
Their morsel, with the dog to share.
In journeys long, through ice and snow,
With swiftest pace, they careful go.
The sledge they draw, o'er chasms wide,
And, e'en at night, scarce want a guide.
They bring the captures from the chace,
Or fearless stand, the bear to face.
Thankful to chump the morsels rare,
Of tainted meat, or bones pick'd bare;
And when at last their toil is o'er,
To lie contented on the floor.
The Dog, submissive ever found,
Is still the same the world around.





THE POLAR BEAR.

THE Polar Bear, with shaggy hide,
When prowling by the water-side,
With cautious step, will creeping steal,
To spring on walruses, or seal.
But man's approach will make him fly;
He trembles when the hunter's nigh;
And soon runs off, with shuffling pace,
Nor dares the enemy to face.
But if aroused by hunger's call,
The stoutest heart he might appal.
Sudden he turns, and seeks his prey,
Though dogs are keeping him at bay.
In close embrace he holds his prize,
Who often in the contest dies.
But oftener still, the ESQUIMAUX,
With his sharp spear o'ercomes the foe.
He makes a jest of wounds and pain,
And glories if the scars remain.





THE DEER.

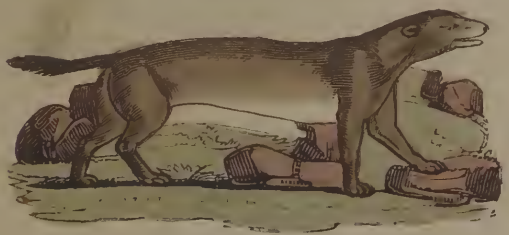
In spring and summer months the Deer,
Amongst the hills and plains appear.
From highest rocks, they graceful bound,
And there, in num'rous herds are found.
Near stones projecting, hid from sight,
The Hunter goes, at morning's light:
Watching the herd, he takes his stand,
The arrow ready in his hand;
While other sportsmen, drawing near,
Soon single out the fattest Deer;
And while they all his notice claim,
The hidden Hunter takes his aim.
The Deer looks round, with silly stare,
And falls at once into the snare.
When wounded sore, he seeks the lakes;
And quickly to the water takes;
From boats at hand, the arrow flies,
And the devoted victim dies.





THE WOLF.

CHIEF of the brutes which haunt the North
In search of food; the WOLF stalks forth;
On helpless beasts to make his prey;
To all, an object of dismay.
The dread of wandering ESQUIMAUX,
He tracks their path upon the snow;
By force to seize their scanty meal,
Or infants from their mother steal.
Sometimes the dog becomes his prize,
And in his fangs the victim dies:
The marmot, fox, and trembling hare,
And ermine, equal dangers share.
E'en lifeless things afford him food,
Though chiefly he delights in blood:
And when at night he grimly prowls,
Baying the moon with snappish howls,
The plain re-echoes to the sound,
Filling with horror all around.





ARCTIC BIRDS.

Of Birds which in these climes are found,
Ducks, Gulls, and Divers, most abound.
Whole flocks are seen of Goose, and Swan,
Of Dovekie, and of Ptarmigan,
With Sanderling, and Mallamuck,
And shewy, orange-bill'd King-Duck;
The Silver Gull, and Lapwing grey,
The Plover, with its plumage gay;
The little Tern, with rosy beak,
And Dotterel, with bosom sleek;
The Turnstone, Hawk, and snowy Owl,
The Glaucus, foe to water fowl;
And Arctic Gull, with pencil'd breast,
All in their gayest clothing drest;
And last of these, the Buntin small,
Which some, the Northern Robin call;
With its clear throat, and tiny bill,
It chirps, and seems to fear no ill.





SUMMER DWELLING.

When cold gives place to summer's glow,
And sun dissolves the ice and snow;
When verdure lies upon the ground,
And mosses, plants, and flow'rs, are found:
The Tribe forsake their winter haunt,
No more distress'd by pinching want.
Upon the plain, they bend their way,
While sledge, and dogs, their goods convey:
Onward they trudge, in merry mood,
At every step secure of food;
And when at night, fatigued and spent,
They shelter all beneath the tent.
This is composed of walrus' skin,
Supported by a pole within;
Of broken spears, of bone or horn,
Or iv'ry, from the Unicorn;
While stones outside are scattered round,
The tent to fasten to the ground.





MAN.

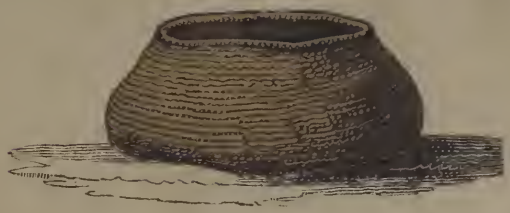
Of form peculiar, are the face
And features of this Savage Race.
By the projecting, high cheek-bone,
The Esquimaux are chiefly known.
The visage broad, and vacant gape,
With the small chin of peaked shape,
And the nose buried in the cheek;
No mental qualities bespeak.
Yet are there some exceptions seen,
And some there are, of better mien;
With noses high, and oval face,
Like beings of another race.
The Men are all of stature low;
And yet their limbs, some vigour show;
And when in skins of bear or deer,
They stout and muscular appear:
Active they are, and wrestle well;
As sportsmen too, they all excel.





WOMAN.

THE Women can no beauties boast,
Their nose, amongst the cheeks is lost;
Their eyes are sparkling, black, and small,
The lips are prominent in all;
Though large the mouth, their teeth are white,
Well set, and cleanly to the sight.
Coarse raven locks adorn their head;
Lank, and in wild disorder spread;
Or sometimes hanging from each side,
The hair is into pig-tails tied.
The hands and arms, the legs and feet,
In either sex, are small and neat.
With waddling gait, the Females tread,
Their toes turned in, and legs outspread.
When young, their flesh is firm and sleek,
And this, with fresh and rosy cheek,
Combines to form a pleasing face,
Could cleanliness the picture grace.





IMPLEMENTS OF ART.

With scanty means, this harmless race,
Form useful weapons for the chace.
With rudest Knife, their only tool,
Its handle broad, made without rule;
Its blade composed of flint alone,
Or other nicely sharpened stone;
They shape the Bow, and iv'ry Spear,
And lighter Dart, to strike the Deer.
Drift wood, which comes from distant land,
Is sometimes found upon the strand;
And this, though scanty the supply,
To many uses they apply:
It forms the Paddle broad and strong,
With which the boat is row'd along;
And the neat Shade, which Natives wear,
To guard their eyes from snowy glare;
Whose workmanship would not disgrace,
E'en artists of superior race.





IMPLEMENTS OF ART.

Wood, for their Sledges too, they use,
But chiefly skins and whalebone choose:
Of these they form the neat Kayak,
And Woman's boat, or Oomiak:
Of shape commodious, this appears,
By women row'd; an old man steers;
Sometimes in this, they luggage take,
In summer, when they cross the lake.
No sort of metal here is known,
Their arrow-heads are tipt with bone,
And sharpen'd flint of every size,
Or iv'ry, which they chiefly prize.
The bone of Whale, the hoof of Deer,
Amongst their implements appear;
With tusk of Walrus, and the horn
Of Musk Ox, and Sea Unicorn.
All these materials form a part,
In works of industry and art.





DRESS.

MUCH taste and neatness are display'd
In Dresses, by the women made:
They carefully prepare the skin,
And sometimes turn the hair within.
First in their choice, the skins of deer,
In varied fancy stripes appear;
With colours of the richest tinge,
Border'd all round with leather fringe.
The soft, dark covering of the ox,
And snow-white coat of hare, or fox,
With coarser fur of polar bear,
Each in its turn, the Natives wear.
The seal supplies their boots and shoes;
Mittens of hare skins too, they use.
Sometimes in garments they are drest,
Of feathers, from the dovekie's breast;
And from the king-duck's plumage gay,
The richest tippets they display.





ORNAMENTS.

THEIR dresses all, with hoods are grac'd;
In these, a child is often plac'd:
Jackets they wear, of walrus skin,
Prepar'd and sewn in layers thin.
For ornaments, they greatly prize,
Small bones, and teeth of ev'ry size;
Chiefly of wolf, musk ox, and deer,
And the large grinders of the bear.
On slips of leather, these are strung,
And round the neck and shoulders hung;
Or, gaily dangling from the hair,
The tender ears of fawn they wear.
Deck'd out with tails, and noses too,
The Artic Belle appears to view.
Her face and hands, with tattoo rich,
By women work'd in careful stitch,
And fashion'd into pattern neat,
Renders the toilette quite complete.





IVORY TOYS.

'Tis not in outward garb alone,
That women's industry is shewn.
With equal art they can produce,
Utensils neat, for household use;
Harness for dogs, and Gear for Bows,
And Bowls of leather, they compose.
The whalebone Pot, and Fishing Line,
With curious Toys of iv'ry fine;
Though rudely carv'd, as models meant,
All living things to represent.
The Knife, the Comb, the Spoon, are all
Made with the same material.
The Lamp of stone, and Cooking Pot,
Which every thrifty wife has got;
By women too, are nicely made,
With slabs of stone together laid:
Ingeniously the parts they fix,
With strong cement, which closely sticks.





MANNER OF TATTOOING.

Of bone they form the huswife case,
With this the thimble finds a place;
Of leather made, sometimes of horn,
And always on fore-finger worn.
Pinions of birds, or ivory,
The slender needles can supply;
While stronger ones are made of bone,
With which their garments all are sewn:
And rein-deer's sinews, nicely spread,
Answer the purposes of thread;
In plaiting baskets they excel;
Their fishing lines they fashion well.
And leather whip, with lengthened sweep,
In proper awe, the dogs to keep.
While husbands, no assistance give,
Women as household drudges live:
They make the Coat, the Boot, the Shoe;
Are tailors, cooks, and butchers too.





MORAL HABITS, AND IDEAS OF FUTURITY.

CONTENTED on this dreary spot,
Not knowing any better lot,
The humble Savage spends his life,
Exempt from sorrow, and from strife:
No sullenness, nor pining care,
His guileless features ever wear.
No crime, nor flagrant vice he knows,
Nor angry passion ever shews.
Free from revenge, from craft, and pride,
Mirth and good humour are his guide;
And e'en when pinching want assails,
His patient spirit never fails.
In ign'rance bred, to Nature true,
His faults, indulgently we view.
No good example meets his eye,
When wallowing in gluttony:
His filthy habits unsubdu'd,
His manners gross, his gestures rude.
No friendly hand assists to teach;
Instruction comes not in his reach;
And scarcely knowing good from ill,
Being untaught, he's blameless still.
In his erect and honest mien,
Undaunted bravery is seen.
Not small the courage they can boast,
Who fearless tread the icy coast;

Or who, like ESQUIMAUX, can dare,
To combat with the Polar Bear.
Free from restraint, they own no law,
Yet they a SPIRIT hold in awe.
He lives, they say, beneath the ice,
The "Place of Souls," the "Paradise."
The sun there shines in constant round,
And richest verdure decks the ground:
There, the dwarf willow rears its head,
And sorrel, on the ground is spread:
The spacious lakes abound with fish,
Sufficient for the greediest wish;
While beasts and birds of every kind,
Abundantly the hunters find:
No want, nor mis'ry there abide,
And ev'ry wish is gratified.
Here to this blessed future state,
Where peace and joy the good await,
The harmless Savage hopes to fly,
Through regions of eternity;
To join the Spirits, borne away
From his dark climes, to lasting day.

ON SEEING

A SNOW BUNTIN SITTING ON ITS NEST,

In the Grave of an Esquimaux Child.

UNDER stones loosely pil'd, its remains unprotected,
An ESQUIMAUX infant reposes below,
By the soil scarcely hidden, it moulders neglected,
Forsaken by all but the Buntin of Snow.

By rude hands consigned to an icy cold pillow,
No friend watches over its innocent head;
The Buntin alone, on her nest of dried willow,
While nursing her young, hovers over the dead.

In this desolate spot she has chosen her station,
On infancy's bosom her nestlings to warm;
But cold is that breast—and without animation;
It neither can shelter, nor save them from harm.

The ear, which when living, delighted to listen,
Sweet bird! now is clos'd to thy wild cheerful strain;
The eye, which at sight of thy plumage would glisten,
Will never more open to view thee again.

The hapless remains on which now thou art sitting,
Will soon with the snow-heap be melted away;
Thyself and thy young ones, aloft will be flitting,
And skimming new realms at the dawning of day.

Amidst the bright sun-beams, with note clear and merry,
O'er mountains of snow, thou wilt lead thy soft brood;
With fostering care, thou wilt pick the ripe berry,
And saxifrage buds, to supply them with food.

And shouldst thou, while roaming, regardless of danger,
Unconscious revisit this sad lonely wild;
Or should it again be the haunt of the stranger,
No trace would be found of the Savage's child.

The grave, and its tenant, howe'er they may perish,
A wand'rer's memory still will retain;
And the sweet Northern Robin in thought he will
cherish,
Though never to traverse those regions again.



A POLAR PASTORAL.

A Polar Pastoral.

Written by a Friend of the Authoress, in consequence of having overheard a reproachful dialogue between a young Esquimaux Hunter, and a favourite Girl to whom he was betrothed. He upbraids her for having suffered her attentions to be diverted from him, in consequence of the rich presents made to her by the Europeans, belonging to the Discovery Ships, and which had so completely bewildered her brain, by their glittering charms, as to make her disdain her old and faithful Lover. Finding that all other argument had failed to bring her to reason, he deviates from the usual diffident and unboasting manner of his tribe, and recounts to the vain Girl, the various deeds he has performed for her sake; hoping, thereby, to regain her unsteady affection.

"Was it for this I fought the dread Nennook,*
And, with her monstrous cubs, the mother took!
I brav'd them, to evince my love for you,
And with my knife alone, the three I slew.
The gory heads and flesh, I brought with pride,
And gave you breeches of the dam's warm hide.

* White Bear.

Yet I, alas! was wounded in the fray,
When, falling on the ice, unarmed I lay,
The furious mother made two fearful bounds,
And on my head and side, impressed deep wounds;
Which then you pitied, but you're heartless now
That strings of brilliant beads adorn your brow.
How oft in Kayak,* would I brave the surge,
And 'gainst the Ai-wek† doubtful battle urge!
To bring you home his bulky sides for meat,
His tender brain, and crisp delicious feet;
His fat to suck, or else, your lamp to trim,
His blood, in buckets flowing to the brim;
His well-knit sinews, also, for your thread,
And polish'd Too-gas‡ from his pond'rous head.
When snow had melted from the country round,
With bow and arrows, I the first was found,

* Canoe. † Walrus. ‡ Tusks.

Creeping amongst the rocks, to kill for you,
The tender fawn, or full-grown stout Took-too : *
From near the spine, the tempting slice to tear,
And store them up for Awa-runnie's † share;
The sweet intestines, and Nerookas ‡ store,
With weary steps, to your lov'd tent I bore;
And skins, to make warm jackets for my fair,
When Okkiok's § blasts infest the darken'd air.
The ears and teeth, in girdles have I strung,
And with delight, round Awa-runnie hung,
The slender legs, so active in the chace,
I form'd with pleasure for your needle case:
Then would you say, with blushes on your cheek,
My Too-loo-a-ghioo || made me this Kak-peek." ¶

SHE--" Why thus torment me, pr'ythee leave the tent,
My love has ceas'd, nor can I e'er relent;

* Rein Deer. † The Girl's name. ‡ The Paunch.
§ Winter. || His name. ¶ Needle-case.

The dear Kabloonas * gave me beads in store,
With treasures which I never saw before;
A polish'd stone, or ice, in which I trace
The varied beauties of my wond'ring face,
The blue Kak-keen † which ornaments my skin,
Curves on my cheeks, and covers all my chin,
My round tipp'd nose, dark eyes, that glance aside,
My nice white teeth, my rosy mouth so wide.
All these I view, and eke the locks that deck,
In two large pigtails, my well beaded neck.
Small rings of lead, or copper, grace my fist,
Strings of bright beads, are tied around my wrist;
My jacket bosom now is cover'd o'er
With jingling buttons, hanging down before;
Oo-ming-muk's ‡ teeth my breeches strings did grace,
But now a knife is pendent in their place;

* Europeans. † Tattoe. ‡ Musk Ox.

A kind Kabloona gave this sharp Oo-loo *
(An equal present I ne'er got from you,)
With this, my meat I cut in morsels nice,
Or from the seal-skin richest blubber slice.
Of many other riches could I speak,
But none can sure excel this Oot-koo-sheek. †
With these I am content, and wish, no more,
To see your angry face within my door."

He—"Since you, your riches boast, and Oot-koo-sheek,
Know, I can match it with a new Powteek.
My spears and arrows, headed once with stone,
Are now equipp'd with iron, every one;
I, too, can buttons boast; an equal share
Of beads too, deck my brow and flowing hair.

* Woman's crescent shaped knife. † Cooking Pot. ‡ A Paddle.

If you've a sharp Oo-loo at your command,
A larger Pau-na* glitters in my hand.
The shining surface, shews my features too,
Although the stone itself belongs to you,
And I can see my broad and well oil'd face,
And long black locks, which head and shoulders grace.
My mouth, with strong, short teeth, expos'd to view,
And bird skin jacket, made, my love, by you;
Ah! when the birds I kill'd, which furnish'd this,
How did you pay my labours with a kiss!
My stratagem to take them I rehears'd,
Sucking the luscious skin, as we convers'd,
And when the grease had cover'd all my face,
Your sweet tongue lick'd me clean with winning grace.

* A large dagger knife used by men.

These joys, alas, are o'er!—I now must fly,
And at Akkoo-lee, or lone Noo-wook,* die."

SHE—Ah! do not leave me, Too-loo-a-ghioo dear,
Stop! stop! and love your Awa-runnie here;
Forgive my taunts, from pride, I own, they rose—
Here! seal forgiveness on my proffer'd nose;
Rub me a Koo-nik,† tender as your heart,
And never from each other will we part.
For you my two Toog-lee-gas‡ will I tie,
And in my singing, with all others vie;
For well I know you love the sweet Magh-ma,§
And featly dance to the Amna Ayaa;‖

* Two distant settlements.

† An affectionate way of rubbing noses equal to an European kiss.

‡ Pigtails worn on each side.

§ A kind of hoarse ventriloquism.

‖ The usual song.

When all our women, rang'd in order, sit,
Ee-pitti-pak-too,* and display their wit,
Ay-akittak-to,† and distort each face,
And shew their Ooeegas ‡ every winning grace.
Then will I raise my pow'rful voice, to shew
Kibakhi, Kibakhi, Kibo-Kibo§."

Peace was soon made 'tween two who lov'd so much—
Their two snub-noses, in sweet Koonik touch:
Sharing one tent, with mutual wish to please,
Their days are pass'd in merriment and ease;
And, when they're each, with sav'ry food replete,
Crisp walrus gristle for dessert they eat;

* Another extraordinary noise.

† Horrible distortion of the features. ‡ Husbands.

§ The burthen of the song called Ee-pitti-pak-too.

And tender blubber from the oily chine,
Is swallow'd down, as we take cakes with wine.
No cold, nor hungry man, approach'd their tent,
Or huntsman, with his fruitless labour spent,
But found a skin to warm him, flesh to eat,
And hearty welcome, to enhance the treat;
And when Kabloonas, wet, and shiv'ring land,
Driv'n by the pelting storm to seek the strand,
Their tent for shelter, clothes for warmth are giv'n;
And Hospitality, (blest child of Heav'n)
In ev'ry action, ev'ry look, is shewn,
To people they, before, have never known.
To such kind mortals, Heav'n in mercy grant,
Constant content, and ignorance of want!
Yield them abundance of the walrus host—
Let whales and unicorns frequent their coast!
And eider ducks be caught with caution nice,
With fattest seals, abounding on the ice!

May they enjoy these blessings, while time rolls,
And, when life ceases, reach the "Land of Souls."
There, with their ancestors, in plenty roam,
And gaily traverse the celestial dome;
In the Aurora, flash their figures bright,
And leave this dreary clime, for endless light!

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